

# The Irish Theosophist.

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## GREETING.

COMRADES, the world over, we greet you. Old Time has drawn the veil over another year. For all of us it was an eventful one. One momentous incident after another followed in quick succession. When the year was still young our dear chief W. Q. J. passed away with his hand on the helm. The shock which the news gave us all was but momentary. We soon learned that his last gift was, perhaps, his greatest. We expected to find that wise provision had been made for carrying on the work, and our expectations were more than fully realized. The wonderful Convention of the T. S. A. at New York, at which the first announcement was made regarding the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, revealed the fact also that plans had been laid for a "Napoleonic propaganda" on a wider scale than ever attempted before. Shortly afterwards the Crusaders started out, headed by our new leader, Mrs. Tingley, to lay the "cable tow" around the world. You are all familiar, by this time, with the great success attending the efforts of the Crusaders in every country which they have visited, and it is needless to enter into details here. But much of the most valuable work remains unchronicled. The T. S. E. Convention in Dublin formed many new links and liberated new currents of force. Day by day we receive fresh evidence of the extraordinary impetus that has been given to our movement, and its international character becomes more strongly emphasized than ever before.

Time hastens on. Another year has glided in as silently as morning glides, bringing with it much of the cheer of the reviving season. Comrades, mount upon the hills of the morning; rise to the level of the sun and feel the new order of the world approaching. Here, in this old land, the fires that smoulder unrevealed in religions, uplift to flame through the broken crust of the earth. Ah, it would seem after all that

it is possible to attract mankind from wrong by creation's lovelier glow, by a recreative symphony to overcome sorrow and disease, by a sound, like the murmur of a shell on the seashore, to bring new joy to many an aching heart! What has hitherto been but vaguely felt through the cold of winter flows as life fire in the veins, until one throbs with ecstasy of the divine in nature. In such a mood one feels that the long darkness was but the shadow of God cast upon the waves of time. What has hitherto been looked for only in Scripture is becoming unfolded in man, and creeds that have crushed him give place to godlike hopes. At least so it appeared to us by "the clear light shining in Ireland."

In every country the methods of work differ, but we have no longer any cause to approach our work with sad hearts. Opportunities are greater than ever; days are in the hours. The "crowning effort" of all is to evoke the "spiritual and heroic"; in every country to bring the "statelier Eden" back to men. So then, comrades, let us bend to the work, with God in every vein, and when 1897 closes myriads of sorrows will have been brought to a close also.

D. N. D.

### "THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(Continued from p. 44.)

THE second chapter of *The Bhagavad Gita* is approached with a feeling of impotence on the part of the individual who would fain portray it, epitome of wondrous wisdom and help to mankind. It is not to be spoken about, but to be felt; above all, to be lived. It is better so; everyone finds himself in it and himself drinks as he can at the spring. The science of the soul is there; the science of right living; there, too, the heart of all faiths. From whatever standpoint we approach it, we are presently lifted out of ourselves by its harmonious grandeur, and yet there is a dear note of homelike things, a remembered touch from out those heavenly mansions of the soul where once we journeyed with gods. Krishna, we are shown, "tenderly smiles" at the dejection of Arjuna. What depth of love and trust serene are here displayed. Nothing of so-called cold philosophy; only the tenderness which knows our better self to be steadfast in triumph, which smiles, in the name of that deeper insight, above our dejection. Krishna has both the seeing eye and the calling heart. It must be true—so cries our human heart responsive—it must be very truth that the



crucified Light yearns over me, longs to manifest in me, waits, asking for my love.

What, then, holds us back from giving that love in measure so ample that every thought is permeated with its sunshine? What restrains us from unbarring the door of the heart to that Light? Why send we not forth streams of devotion to call down the waiting Radiance? What impedes the union of the Light and the heart? Arjuna gives the names of our jailers: they are Fear and Grief. Fear for all our lower selves and interests, for just as each one of us has his lower and his higher self, so can each love in others the lesser or the greater. It is for us to choose what we will contact in one another, and we have touch with the lower phase of our friends only when we fear, just as that which fears is the weaker and the lower in man. The high soul knows no fear of loss, disaster, death, ruin or the world, for well it knows that it can never lose its own. Many a thought of the brain-mind, due to education, custom, or the thought-vibrations about us, come between our hearts and this clearer vision of the Soul. When we begin to argue, to marshal images of loss and sorrow within the mind, we may know that we are doing the Dweller's work for it. The powers of darkness have found an ally and a helper in us and cease from troubling that we may the better do their destructive work in ourselves. This interior process by which we produce an interior result which we call fear—or grief—is one both curious and occult. The images of desolation are evoked by us, pictures of supposed future losses to ensue upon some given action, and then their long array defiles before the soul. Now that soul, spectator of Matter, and Life-in-Matter, from which it seeks to learn, that it may recognize itself—that soul has a mirror, the mind. It looks into the mind for a clear, true reflect of life. But man steps in and by the deliberate action of his will throws false images upon the mirror; these false images bewilder the soul. A numbness comes over the heart; its interaction with the soul is paralyzed.

"When the perfect man employs his mind, it is a mirror. It conducts nothing and anticipates nothing; it responds to what is before it but does not retain it. Thus he is able to deal successfully with all things and injures none."

Arjuna graphically describes the action of grief upon the nature in the words, "grief, which drieth up my faculties." The action of that diffusive force which we call grief is similar to that which follows upon the over-watering of plants. The natural nourishment of the earth and water is flooded away from the roots and the plant rots and dies.

In another edition the idea is given as "this anguish which withers up my senses," and Arjuna says, "my heart is weighed down with the vice of faintness," as hearts will be when not buoyed up by the energies of faith and courage. A world of instruction regarding man's use of his own mental forces is conveyed by these simple words, to which meditation discovers many a helpful meaning. These energies, all powerful in their action, are not to be frittered away. The evolution of energy is a spiritual act; misuse or waste of energy a sin against the spirit. Wherefore let it be our endeavour to follow the course outlined by Kwang-Sze:

"When we rest in what the time requires and manifest that submission, neither joy nor sorrow can find entrance to the mind."

No selfish joy or sorrow, is the meaning of the Sage. When we rest in Truth we are that Truth itself. We are at peace, a peace higher than joy, deeper than sorrow; it is a bliss above our fondest dreams. To this exalted condition Krishna has reference when he tells Arjuna that his dejection is "Svarga closing," literally, "non-Svargam": it shuts the door of heaven; the celestial joys are assembled, but man, deploring, weeps without and will not lift the bars. How abject are such tears!

In *Light on the Path* the same truth is alluded to:

"Before the eye can see, it must be incapable of tears."

It puts in poetical language the occult truism that an outburst of personal grief disturbs for a time the interior conditions, so that we can neither employ sight or hearing uncoloured and unshaken. What an output of energy goes to our tears. In the mere physical plane all may feel the contraction in the nervous and astral centres, the explosion following; the very moisture of life bursts forth and runs to waste. Nor can the mind use clear discernment in life when that life is shaken and distorted by personal grief. Such grief contracts the whole of life to the one centre—I—and looks within that microscopic eddy, exaggerating all it sees. For mind is indeed the retina of the soul, upon which images of life are cast, and, like the physical eye, may make an illusive report. Or it may report truly, qualifying what it sees and relating that to the vast Whole. Yet, just as Wisdom hath a higher eye in man, so there is that which is higher than the mental view, and that, the vision of faith and love, is at the very bottom of the heart always. Deny the tender presences. They are there, nestling close, often weighed down by care and doubt, but to be discovered by the man who desires to discover them. Does any one disbelieve this? Let him ask himself why we remember best the joys of life. Were we to



remember the details of past sorrows as keenly we could not go on, despair would destroy our powers. That mysterious thing which we call our past, smiles more or less to our remembrance; the edge of sorrow is blunted in memory, but that of joy is ever more keen. Krishna, the "warrior eternal and sure," discerns these presences, and, tenderly smiling upon downcast man, prepares to send a heaven-born voice which shall summon them forth. Man is made for joy!

Why are they ever in the heart of man, these potencies which he names Hope, Trust, Love, because he does not know their god-like names? Is it not because that heart is a spark of the Mother-Heart, great Nature's pulsing sun, and thus shares in all her gifts and potencies? Ah! study thine own nature; thou shalt find them ever recurrent no matter how oft thou hast denied them. Hate! a sudden instant blots it out and it is Love. Doubt! some swift revulsion overturns the mind and Hope, the immortal, smiles thine anguish down. Fear, if thou canst; thy swelling heart forbids, and in an unexpected hour its tides of strength uprise, thy puny mind-erectations are level with the dust that stirs about thy feet, and the world sings, for thee. Thou canst not wholly bar thy heart. It hears the Mother calling to all her children and every heart-spark leaps in answer. Give o'er denial. Confine the rebel mind. Seek! seek! The heart wills to be heard—and it is heard.

Arise, ye magic powers! Ye sun-breaths, warm our hearts and lead them on to conquest over self. The universe is Love, for it awaits all beings. All, all are summoned home, to be at one with Life and Light; to end the day of separation. The "day Be-With-Us" is ever at hand, when man, in the dawn of the divine reünion, shall see mankind as the manifested Self, and in that Self—the All.

*"Whatever may be apprehended by the mind, whatever may be perceived by the senses, whatever may be discerned by the intellect, all is but a form of Thee. I am of Thee, upheld by Thee. Thou art my creator and to Thee I fly for refuge."*

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

## THE AWAKENING OF THE FIRES.

*When twilight flutters the mountains over  
 The faery lights from the earth unfold,  
 And over the hills enchanted hover  
 The giant heroes and gods of old :  
 The bird of æther its flaming pinions  
 Waves over earth the whole night long :  
 The stars drop down in their blue dominions  
 To hymn together their choral song :  
 The child of earth in his heart grows burning  
 Mad for the night and the deep unknown ;  
 His alien flame in a dream returning  
 Seats itself on the ancient throne.  
 When twilight over the mountains fluttered  
 And night with its starry millions came,  
 I too had dreams ; the thoughts I have uttered  
 Come from my heart that was touched by the flame.*

I THOUGHT over the attempts made time after time to gain our freedom ; how failure had followed failure until at last it seemed that we must write over hero and chieftain of our cause the memorial spoken of the warriors of old, "They went forth to the battle but they always fell ;" and it seemed to me that these efforts resulted in failure because the ideals put forward were not in the plan of nature for us ; that it was not in our destiny that we should attempt a civilization like that of other lands. Though the cry of nationality rings for ever in our ears, the word here has embodied to most no other hope than this, that we should when free be able to enter with more energy upon pursuits already adopted by the people of other countries. Our leaders have erected no nobler standard than theirs, and we who, as a race, are the forlorn hope of idealism in Europe, sink day by day into apathy and forget what a past was ours and what a destiny awaits us if we will but rise responsive to it. Though so old in tradition this Ireland of to-day is a child among the nations of the world ; and what a child, and with what a strain of genius in it ! There is all the superstition, the timidity and lack of judgment, the unthought recklessness of childhood, but combined with what generosity and devotion, and what an unfathomable love for its heroes. Who can forget that memorable day



when its last great chief was laid to rest? He was not the prophet of our spiritual future; he was not the hero of our highest ideals; but he was the only hero we knew. The very air was penetrated with the sobbing and passion of unutterable regret. Ah, Eri, in other lands there is strength and mind and the massive culmination of ordered power, but in thee alone is there such love as the big heart of childhood can feel. It is this which maketh all thy exiles turn with longing thoughts to thee.

Before trying here to indicate a direction for the future, guessed from brooding on the far past and by touching on the secret springs in the heart of the present, it may make that future seem easier of access if I point out what we have escaped and also show that we have already a freedom which, though but half recognized, is yet our most precious heritage. We are not yet involved in a social knot which only red revolution can sever: our humanity, the ancient gift of nature to us, is still fresh in our veins: our force is not merely the reverberation of a past, an inevitable momentum started in the long ago, but is free for newer life to do what we will with in the coming time.

I know there are some who regret this, who associate national greatness with the whirr and buzz of many wheels, the smoke of factories and with large dividends; and others, again, who wish that our simple minds were illuminated by the culture and wisdom of our neighbours. But I raise the standard of idealism, to try everything by it, every custom, every thought before we make it our own, and every sentiment before it finds a place in our hearts. Are these conditions, social and mental, which some would have us strive for really so admirable as we are assured they are? Are they worth having at all? What of the heroic best of man; how does that show? His spirituality, beauty and tenderness, are these fostered in the civilizations of to-day? I say if questions like these bearing upon that inner life wherein is the real greatness of nations cannot be answered satisfactorily, that it is our duty to maintain our struggle, to remain aloof, lest by accepting a delusive prosperity we shut ourselves from our primitive sources of power. For this spirit of the modern, with which we are so little in touch, is one which tends to lead man further and further from nature. She is no more to him the Great Mother so reverently named long ago, but merely an adjunct to his life, the distant supplier of his needs. What to the average dweller in cities are stars and skies and mountains? They pay no dividends to him, no wages. Why should he care about them indeed. And no longer concerning himself about nature what wonder is it that nature ebbs out of

him. She has her revenge, for from whatever standpoint of idealism considered the average man shows but of pigmy stature. For him there is no before or after. In his material life he has forgotten or never heard of the heroic traditions of his race, their aspirations to godlike state. One wonders what will happen to him when death ushers him out from the great visible life to the loneliness amid the stars. To what hearth or home shall he flee who never raised the veil of nature while living, nor saw it waver tremulous with the hidden glory before his eyes? The Holy Breath from the past communes no more with him, and if he is oblivious of these things, though a thousand workmen call him master, within he is bankrupt, his effects sequestered, a poor shadow, an outcast from the Kingdom of Light.

We see too, that as age after age passes and teems only with the commonplace, that those who are the poets and teachers falter and lose faith: they utter no more of man the divine things the poets said of old. Perhaps the sheer respectability of the people they address deters them from making statements which in some respects might be considered libellous. But from whatever cause, from lack of heart or lack of faith, they have no real inspiration. The literature of Europe has had but little influence on the Celt in this isle. Its philosophies and revolutionary ideas have stayed their waves at his coast: they had no message of interpretation for him, no potent electric thought to light up the mystery of his nature. For the mystery of the Celt is the mystery of Amergin the Druid. All nature speaks through him. He is her darling, the confidant of her secrets. Her mountains have been more to him than a feeling. She has revealed them to him as the home of her brighter children, her heroes become immortal. For him her streams ripple with magical life and the light of day was once filled with more aerial rainbow wonder. Though thousands of years have passed since this mysterious Druid land was at its noonday, and long centuries have rolled by since the weeping seeress saw the lights vanish from mountain and valley, still this alliance of the soul of man and the soul of nature more or less manifestly characterizes the people of this isle. The thought produced in and for complex civilizations is not pregnant enough with the vast for them, is not enough thrilled through by that impalpable breathing from another nature. We have had but little native literature here worth the name until of late years; and that not yet popularized, but during all these centuries the Celt has kept in his heart some affinity with the mighty beings ruling in the unseen, once so evident to the heroic races who preceded him. His legends and faery tales have connected his soul with the inner lives of air and



water and earth, and they in turn have kept his heart sweet with hidden influence. It would make one feel sad to think that all that beautiful folklore is fading slowly from the memory that held it so long, were it not for the belief that the watchful powers who fostered its continuance relax their care because the night with beautiful dreams and deeds done only in fancy is passing: the day is coming with the beautiful real, with heroes and heroic deeds.

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(To be concluded.)

### THE THIRD EYE.

THE teachings given to the world by Mme. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere are almost daily being confirmed by scientific investigation, as she predicted; the recent experiments with the Röntgen rays and the electric eye being striking examples. But it is a little startling to find the existence of the "third eye" and its identity with the pineal gland soberly discussed in the pages of a popular magazine.

In the Christmas number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* there is a description of the curious lizard called the Tuatara, referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* (old ed., II. 296), which inhabits a few small islands off the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. To proceed in the words of the article:

"The pineal gland is a structure which occurs in all vertebrates, except the very lowest, in front of the hinder and lower part of the brain. It is a cone-shaped body about the size of a pea and of a yellowish-grey tinge. The function of this gland was ever a matter of speculation. Descartes regarded it as the seat of the soul, and it was long surmised to be such.

"In dissecting the head of a Tuatara Baldwin Spencer solved the enigma. In the *Sphenodon* (the scientific name of the lizard) the pineal body reaches the skin on the top of the head, and retains distinct traces of an eye-like structure. Beyond all doubt it is a persistent vestige of a middle, unpaired, upward-looking third eye. At an early stage of the development of the Tuatara, the pineal body is a prominent feature. An oval spot is left free from pigment in the skin of the skull over the eye. Through this the dark colouring of the retina shows distinctly. . . . So, after all, the great eye in the middle of the head of the dragon of old-time romance was not altogether an idle coinage of the brain."

Moreover, it is stated that the skin of the Tuatara is unlike that of

any existing lizard, and "throws much light on the origin of the sense of hearing," though in what way is not explained; but in *The Secret Doctrine* (p. 298) it is asserted that the recent discoveries in connection with this lizard "have a very important bearing on the developmental history of the human senses, and on the occult assertions in the text." These assertions are: that what is now the pineal gland in man was originally active as a third eye, an organ of spiritual vision. Man was then male-female and four-armed (*cf.* the Hindu deities), but with the gradual fall into matter the separation into sexes came about, and the third eye, "getting gradually *petrified*, soon disappeared. The double-faced became the one-faced, and the eye was drawn deep into the head and is now buried under the hair." This was due to the abuse by man of his divine powers.

Observe further that the race possessing the third eye in full activity was the early third race, which inhabited the continent of Lemuria. New Zealand and its islands are remnants of that ancient continent, and hence we see that this little lizard is an actual living link with that far-off time and a testimony to the truth of these ancient teachings.

Thus will link after link be recovered until the time when Lemuria shall awake from its long sleep beneath the waters of the Pacific to re-become the home of its children after their long journey into the abyss of matter.

"Rightly, then," to quote Mr. Judge, "will the great far western ocean have been named the *Pacific*, for that race will not be given to contest nor hear of wars or rumours of war, since it will be too near the seventh, whose mission it must be to attain to the consummation, to seize and hold the Holy Grail."

BASIL CRUMP.

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### NEW YEAR IN THE NEW LAND.

All things new.

It is marvellous how the archaic wisdom explains all things. Here is an instance, quite unthought of hitherto. Half way between the old land and the new is a place of tossing waters, very ill-omened, where the tears of many travellers mingle with the brine of Varuna. The woefulness of this wet waste is known to all men, but the true inwardness of its sorrow is here first told. Straight downward, under the dark, wailing waters, is the old Atlantean land; and the ghosts of Titans damned, who sinned mightily and proudly in days gone by, still lie there amid the ooze, tossing their arms about despairingly, until the



very waters toss in moist sympathy. And of those who pass there, all who in any way shared the evil of the Titans, are doomed by fate to have a part in their restless tossing and sorrow, until the times are fulfilled. And whoever believes not, nor is convinced of the truth of this tale of ages gone, let him pass that way across the waves, and he will confess in sorrow that these things are true.

But after storm comes peace. It came to us one morning, before the waning moon and pale stars had faded from the sky, while the white mists of dawn lay across the placid Delaware. As the stars faded throbbing into the blue, a rosy arrow shot across the sky from east to west, and the sun lit up the woods on the oceanward bank of the river, touching with gold our first sight of the new land, making the earth gleam and shine under the sky-line like the illumined pages of a missal.

And there the similitude of things reverent and revered ceased utterly. The air of the new land, and the white life-breath of it streaming up from the heart of the earth, suggest anything rather than cloistered veneration. There is rather an all-present buoyancy, a vigour stimulating pulse and nerve; so that he who begins by walking will soon quicken his pace, and ere long break into a run—not at all from the hurry to get anywhere, but wholly from that same impetuous life-breath pouring from mother earth into his heels.

And the compelling vigour of the earth-breath is here over all men, so that they build towers like that of Babylon, not indeed to reach unto heaven, but rather to get away from the restless earth. They hew down trees and tear apart the rocks, under the same impulse; pretending to each other, meanwhile, that they are accomplishing the most mighty work of Brahm; but in very sooth because the stirring power of the all-bountiful Mother is overwhelming them, and they move restlessly even in their sleep, building pyramids even in dreamland, and hollowing out dim, fantastic caverns in shadowy hills. They say that, towards the further ocean, men go drowsy even at noon-tide, their eyes half-closed and full of glamour, moving about in worlds not realized, so filled and overcome are they by that most potent and sparkling earth-breath.

It is true absolutely that the people of the new land are dominated by that inward atmosphere, and in no sense dominate it. They have hitherto written nothing on their white and lucent time-screen, from which the last traces of the race that went before them have not quite died away. In older lands, or, we should rather say, in lands more worn and weary, the very air is haunted and heavy with the thoughts,

the ambitions, and the sins of untold generations of men who have gone down into the earth. And there are lands and cities, esteemed among the mightiest of the earth, where the inward self of us can hardly breathe for the crowding in of these half-dead remnants of a past that is altogether dead, mingled with heavy imaginings of a present hardly more alive. In those outlived places of the earth, their book of the air, stained and worn like some antique parchment, is written and written over again, scored and crossed in many colours, so that nothing but the ocean depths rolling there for ages can wash it clean again for some new race to paint new pictures on.

Here, it is as though we had issued but yesterday from the purifying waters, were it not for that faint and fading memory of the warriors of the forests, still lingering here and there on one page or another of the air-book. And it is not so much a mere unwritten book, a still white canvas, as a luminous sea of buoyant life, stirring and seething, and carrying all men away in its vigorous stream.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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#### ON ATTENTION.

IF you want to learn life you will have to gain the power of attention. You have asked me many times how to understand men and things, and I say again there is no other way than to note what is passing by strict attention. This does not mean that you are to enter into all you see about you; this would be foolish and would be just the opposite from the power of attention you want to gain. If you enter into everything you see it shows you lack attention, for you are carried away by what you see and hear and are not noting it at all.

The attention necessary is of two kinds, the outer and the inner. If you gain attention even with your outer senses you will have learned more than most people do, and very few gain the inner attention which is necessary in a much greater degree than the other.

Not long since I asked you to do something for me: there were several points to notice. Think it over and see how much attention you paid to what I said. You got one or two of the ideas, the rest you hardly heard, much less took them in, for you were attending not to what I said, but to what you thought I was going to say. You then went away and did what you imagined I said, which was not at all what I actually said, but was only your own imaginings. Was that attention either outwardly or inwardly? Rather a poor sample surely.

You want to have me teach you occultism, do you? Well, I have



given you many ideas on this, and if you had paid attention you would have made a beginning in occultism, which is first attention, then understanding. Have you done this? No, I haven't noticed it yet, and until you gain this attention you can never be an occultist, and the sooner you face facts the better. I haven't time for talk, you know, and if you cannot pay attention you might as well begin on another line of work than that of occultism.

Half the people you meet have this lack of attention. They wander about like sleepy animals after a heavy meal. They have not the power to attend, then to grasp, then to hold on to ideas. Everything slips between their mental fingers like water through a sieve.

If you would try for one day to make a positive determination to note everything you see during that day you would not only be surprised to see how much has been passed by quite unnoticed by you, but you would also gain a power about which you little dream.

You have learned that you have to say exactly what you mean when you talk to me. Why? Because I attend to what you say and act on that, and even if you say one thing and mean another, and I know it, I show you the attention paid to the exact words so that you can learn this power of attention. I act on the words I hear, not on what I think you mean. With the inner attention I may note when you say one thing and mean another, but that power is gained only after you can pay strict attention to what you actually see and hear. Have you noticed my doing this, or have you not paid attention to this either?

There are many kinds of attention you will have to gain, about which I will tell you later; but if you ever expect to be an occultist you had better begin on the ordinary practice of attention, which is attention to your own duty in every minute detail, the other kinds will follow in natural order when you have learned to practise the attention I have been telling you about.

A.

## THE LAND OF YOUTH.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

ONE autumn night long, long years ago, Pat Kavanagh ran out of the cabin he called home and went as swiftly as his small legs could carry him down to the shore. He was very young, and very hungry, and the big tears stood in his eyes, for his heart was heavy.

There had been very little food in the cabin that day, and no turf fire upon the hearth; his smaller brothers had been crying for food and Pat had given them his share of the cold potatoes and buttermilk, and when his mother asked why he did not eat them, he had lied and told her that a neighbour had given him bread for driving home her cow, and after the words had left his lips he felt ashamed for the first time in his short life, and he did not like to meet mother's eyes, and so he ran out under the starlight towards the sea. The harvest moon shone large and bright over him, and a broad path of light lay right across the water, and wonder of wonders, at the end of it, where sea and sky met, the child could see another shore faint and shadowy.

He knew all about that land, often around the cabin fire he had heard the old people tell about it, and old Mick the blind fiddler sang a song which said that it was the fairy realm of Tir-na-noge, where everything was bright and young and glad: the other half of the moon turned towards it, and the far end of the rainbow rested upon its hills. It was the children's land, they said, the land of youth, little ones went there in sleep every night, but grown up people never reached it, because some night or other they grew careless and went to the land of forgetfulness, and after that they never could reach the land of youth again.

But young hearts, pure hearts, were always welcomed there by great Queen Niam and her people; and if only one could get there in waking hours one would leave their heart there and remember all about it, and never grow old or weary or sad but be young and glad always. But no one Pat had ever known had reached it and come back; in the village the old people were all sad, and the children hungry.

The child shaded his tear-dimmed eyes with his small, dirty hands, and gazed and gazed enchanted; his bare feet danced with joy, his heart beat quickly with gladness; it was really there, the faery land, if he could reach it awake he could bring back faery gold and gifts for his mother.

He managed somehow to launch the small old boat that had been his father's, and drifted out across the track of the moonlight, and the



west wind blew softly and the waves rocked him gently until he forgot how hungry he was.

At last he reached the shining beach and the sweet, wee faery folk trooped down to meet him, and they looked surprised and one of them said: "Why, here is a mortal child come to us of his own accord without waiting for the Queen to send for him. What shall we do?" And another said: "We can't let him land for he has been sad at heart, the marks of tears are on his face and he is not truthful;" and another said, "He would sadden our land; we had better send him back." But one faery said: "I will ask Queen Niam."

So the Queen came to the shore surrounded by her people, and her heart was loving and she lifted the tired child with her arms and pillowed his head upon her shoulder, and with a magic herb she touched his eyes and gave him power to see what other mortals could not, and Pat Kavanagh looked up into her face and wondered at her beauty.

Golden was her hair as sunlight, and her eyes clear and kind and blue as forget-me-nots, sweet and low her voice as the south wind blowing through the pine forests at evening, and her laughter like the rippling of a tiny streamlet flowing adown the mountain side.

Her dress was of pure white, and just beside her feet grew a tall lily with a tear in its cup, and she plucked the snowy flower, and with the crystal drop she washed the stain of untruth from his lips, and she shook the gold dust from the lily's heart upon them so that his words might always be golden and true.

And the child nestled closely to her and she whispered loving thoughts into his ear, thoughts that mothers think, my dear one, when they hush you to sleep, and she bade him remember them and taught him this lesson, that children grow like what they think about, and she told him to repeat her words to others.

Then the child said: "Who are you?"

And she said: "Some call me Beauty, but others who are wiser call me Truth." And she beckoned to her faery folk and said: "What gifts shall we give this small sad mortal child before we send him back to earth again?"

Tears filled the child's eyes and his voice quivered as he said: "Let me stay here; it is cold and sad on earth."

But she said: "Child, I cannot. Even now I hear your mother weeping for you, but I promise you this—that whilst your heart remains loving and unselfish and your lips true you may return to us each night when your eyelids grow heavy with sleep; and I give you the greatest gift I have to give, all the time that you dwell among mortals you shall

be wise to help them if you will, and willing to suffer with and for others; and however gray your hair may grow, and however wrinkled your face, you will never really grow old, for as long as you love truth your heart will remain young—but listen what gifts my people promise you.”

And one said: “I give him joy.”

And another: “I give him the sunny smile to cheer others.”

And a third: “I give him patience and the power to repay wrongs with forgiveness.”

And the Queen said: “It is enough. Now sing him the lullaby of Tir-na-noge, that he may sleep and awake joyous in his cabin home.”

The faeries joined hands and danced round them three times in a mazy circle and sang:

“To the isle of beauty  
Hidden far away,  
Come the young folks dreaming  
To our faery day.  
To the faeries dreaming  
Legends old and gay.  
To their hearts we’ll whisper  
E’er they wake to-day;  
Let them hear us singing  
Faery unto fay,  
Follow, follow, follow,  
The Queen of Truth alway.”

It was long, long ago, as I told you, since Pat Kavanagh drifted across the moonlight into the land of youth, and he is a very, very old man now—at least so the village people say, and they tell the story of how he drifted out to sea when quite a child, and drifted homewards safely again with the return tide.

But he only tells the children the wondrous story of that night, and the little ones who gather closely round him in the small mud cabin by the sea, and climb upon his knees when the shadows darken round them, and the wind whistles outside—the children say that he is young, not old, because he and they live half their time in the land of youth, and he has left his heart there; and if you point out to them how white his hair is, and that his dear old face is as puckered and wrinkled as a dried-up apple, then they whisper that it is all right, he may look old but really and truly he isn’t, for he says so, and he always tells the truth.

K. B. LAWRENCE.



## SENTIMENT.

IN so far as Theosophy is a universal divine life there must be no aspect of consciousness with which it does not correlate, no phase of nature which may not claim its law and seek its aid. I am constantly brought to restate this fact for myself by the tendency I see within and around me to assert some aspect of teaching or some phase of knowledge with the emphasis of an ultimate law, as if one should say, "the soul of all belief lies in this or that doctrine, all else is vanity and a grasping of wind." The very fact that it is through such accentuation of aspects that we learn, in time, the relative values of our own and our brothers' ideals should prove to us the necessity for tolerance, and for the pursuit of spiritual aims under conditions which recognize—as our Society does—that tolerance is one aspect of the divine life.

These feelings are suggested to me by noting how men who give themselves to the study of ideas naturally break up into groups, each group being to some extent a protest against the other; one seeking to justify intellect as the key of truth and scorning sentiment, the other accepting the hints of the intuition which reaches them through their feelings and looking askance upon the followers of the reason. These two modes, reason and feeling, must have their alternating influence upon the man who would unite in himself the conditions which make for universal life, and if, for the moment, I venture to take sides in this old controversy, it is because I know that to-morrow nature will reëstablish the equilibrium which I disturb to-day if I give to one side a weight that is not true to the facts of our life.

I would defend sentiment, then, from the onslaught which I find made upon it by those who, having given themselves to the pursuit of truth, think they see in feeling the antagonist of fact. Like all words which have been degraded to ignoble uses, sentiment has suffered sadly in the hands of false friends, until it has become identified in many minds with the attractions of lower nature, and to be "sentimental" means mainly to be a complaisant victim to the demands of personal desire. On the contrary, I think of sentiment as a feeling for the true, as inner touch groping towards its appropriate object in an inner undefined but very real sphere of being; as an intuition which has not yet found sight and so can "only feel," as we say when we sense truths too deep for utterance. Now this confusion in our minds, as to what essentially sentiment is, is worse than it seems, for it separates us from real power. It is vain that you point out to me the immemorial path

whereon all who would attain must go—the path of aspiration and self-sacrifice—unless you touch in my nature some chord awakening in me the power, the desire, the determination to tread that path, and that you will never do—*never*—except through this mystery of feeling, this touch of the heart's hand upon the soul, which fills me with electric life and leads me towards my goal.

Or to take sentiment in a more general aspect—why should there be such distrust of the primal affections? Where else save through the purification of these are we going to furnish men with the impulse for brotherhood, and how can we better begin than by a broad, generous trust in the sentiment of love? I know too well the subtleties of nature to deny or to forget the dangers of this way. I know that our loves here are all refracted from the true, and that too often that which we call love is veiled self-approval; yet if, keeping watch upon our desires but letting our impulses towards harmonious relations with our fellows travel out from us free, we spoke—not in words perhaps but deeper—those sympathies we feel, think you not that the force for brotherhood would grow stronger, and that the soul within us, striving to deliver somewhat of its knowledge—a knowledge of our divine oneness—would be seldomer balked in its mission?

The teachers tell us that we are gods, how shall we convert this thought into life? I know of no way save devotion, and I know of no devotion that is not sprung from love. Is our devotion to a wise and lofty ideal transcending forms of thought and modes of exposition—it is through love of the ideal that our homage is kindled and passes in fiery impulse out of ideation into activity. Is Humanity the sacred watchword that we ponder—how till we have surcharged it with emotion, the emotion of love, can we arouse in ourselves the power to live and die for the race?

I know indeed that besides love there is wisdom, besides devotion knowledge, besides ideals insight, and that no half life can satisfy the soul that has accepted the task of learning the meaning of its own divinity; but I know, too, that wisdom is the mode and love the force through which we may some day reach Deity, and if aught of to-day can remain to us in the True surely it shall not be the path that brought us but the light that led, say rather, that impelled us onward, the light of a nobler sentiment than we know but which is surely reflected to us now in our few brief moments of tense affection, when the sense of personality is forgotten and the recognition of our intimate oneness is gripped by the heart. Surely the simplest doctrine is at last the truest, in love of loving-kindness we find light.

OMAR.



## REVIEW.

PLEASURE AND PAIN. By Mabel Collins. London: Isis Pub. Co.

I AM long enough a student to remember the time when the appearance of anything signed M. C. used to cause a golden pleasurable glow of anticipation ere settling oneself to read. There were such wise things said with such perfect beauty, calmness and surety that it could be nothing else but the voice of the soul. And so here it is also but it is hardly that first voice. There is a wisdom of intuition and a wisdom learned by experience. In the little books of some years ago which we prize so much that first wisdom is clear, shining, impersonal: it might be the Law declaring itself so little do they seem tinged by the emotion of the writer. In this later work the intuitions of earlier days seem to be checked off by experience. It is not creative, but it reasserts many of the old aphorisms with a profound human feeling added and with almost all the old beauty of style. How wise many of these commentaries are probably most people will not realize because but few are at the stage of life described, but all may find some partial application. This one ought to be laid to heart; it is so difficult for us in an age where beauty is more an underlying soul than a visible presence to put in practice any self-restraint: "The ecstatic who dwells in visions must serve out his bitter apprenticeship at another time, and so make up for the days he has spent in dream." Again, without pretending to ourselves that personally we are anything very important, we may gain from study of the following: "Great natures are often betrayed by their own greatness. They find in themselves higher gifts than other men possess, and they find an increasing pleasure in their exercise. They seem like redeemers, yet all the while the growth of self within them is rank and strong. . . . They have made the mistake of living in the pleasure of their own work, forgetting that the pain and suffering which is a part of the world's life is their inheritance also." To too many does it happen that the entrance into their darkness of the first brilliant rays from spirit is the signal for the fiery upspringing of the personal nature, and pride or pleasure go along with and dim the higher light. Such sentences as these are frequent in every page, and if the power is not so present now as formerly still there is enough wisdom and enough beauty to make this little book in every way memorable and worthy of study.

## THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

## SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE President having taken the chair, the Hon. Treasurer gave a short account of the condition of the movement in Ireland, and gave a statement of financial position.

*Resolved*, That Bros. Jordan and Dwyer audit the books and accounts for 1896 and report to next meeting.

Letters of greeting were received from Mrs. K. A. Tingley, the Clifton Branch per Miss Townsend, the T. S. in Sweden per Dr. Erik Bogren, and the T. S. in England per Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, all expressing the warmest sympathy and good wishes for the progress of Theosophy in Ireland. Arrangements were made for replies to be sent.

The election of Officers and Council for 1897 then took place, and the following were duly appointed: *Pres.*, D. N. Dunlop; *Vice-Pres.*, P. E. Jordan; *Hon. Treas.*, F. J. Dick; *Hon. Sec.*, R. E. Coates; *Additional Councillors*, Violet North, G. W. Russell, A. W. Dwyer, the latter two to act as Librarians.

Changes in the headquarters arrangements having become imperative for several reasons, a Committee was nominated to obtain suitable quarters for the Society's work, and report to a further special meeting to be called at an early date.

A discussion then followed on methods of work, and one valuable suggestion was that at the public meetings familiar subjects should be treated from a theosophical point of view, so that strangers could more readily follow the line of thought than would be possible with papers or lectures of a more advanced type. It was agreed that the plan of having a syllabus of the subjects should be continued, and another important suggestion was that the members should *think* over the subject to be next discussed, and come prepared to give their ideas on it rather than wait for the inspiration of the moment, which seldom produces adequate results.

The discussions during ensuing month will be: Jan. 20th, *Inspiration*, H. F. Norman; 27th, *Compassion*, P. Gregan; Feb. 3rd, *Sacrifice*, Mrs. E. Dunlop; 10th, *The Search for Beauty*, Miss Caroline Rea.

ROBT. E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*